LIKE HEAVEN.

you hear of good in people—tell it
you hear a tale of evil—quit it.
ne goodness have the light,
he evil out of sight.
e the world we live in bright,
ke to Heaven above.

e must have a work to do—pursue it
a failure, try again—renew it
allure spurs us to success.
allures come, but come to bless,
fitting us for righteousness.
In the Heaven above.

Do the woes of life, surround you—face them.
Do temptations hover 'round you—chase them.
He who ruleth well.
He will help you, though you fall,
Gladly hears you when you call,
From His Heaven above.

Shows you any wrong to right—right it.
Che you have a sin to fight—fight it.
God, Himself, will help you win.
Lest His Spirit enter in.
Making right the heart within,
Fit for Heaven above.
—John Sterling, in N. Y. Observer.

LIONS AND AN AUTOMOBILE

A SOUTH AFRICAN SKETCH

By B. C. Brigham.

IT IS generally in favor of the automobile in South Africa that it is not subject to the fatal "horse sickness," or to the ravages of the tsetse-fly. As yet, however, horseless carriages are not very numerous there. One of the first was brought into the country by a young English ranchman, named Albert Hill.

In addition to its tank a 20-gallon can of gasoline or oil was transported, which, for a time added materially to the weight of the outfit. Hill himself, however, weighed not more than 116 pounds; and his entire outfit, excluding fuel, was kept down to less than 600 pounds. The young ranchman possessed the nimbleness which is one of the advantages of light weight, and this agility stood him in good stead, as will be seen.

There were rivers and creeks to be crossed where there were no bridges. Hill's method in these exigencies was to wade across in advance, and pull the automobile over with a line.

A little after sunset one evening, while he was passing beneath some mimbolo-trees, a leopard attempted to drop upon him, but miscalculated his speed and landed in the road behind. The animal was so much disgusted, either with its ill-success, or with the gaseous odor of the machine, that it sneaked away without further effort to molest the ranchman.

At another time, while he was passing a stretch of the road skirting a buffalo charged out after him. For 40 yards it was nearly a drawn race, when the motor-carriage showed the better speed and pulled away.

Now, however, were but unimportant incidents, soon over; the real adventure of the trip befell Hill after entering Mashonaland. He was now in a part of country which was remote from settlers' ranches. At a little past noon one day he was crossing a kind of grassy marsh. In the wet season depressions are shallow lakes, the shores of which are marked by an irregular fringe of m'pame trees. The road was here merely a trail over the hoaten-down grass, but there were neither stones nor logs to obstruct the traveler; and the Little Ajax, as Hill called his small motor-carriage, was puffing forward at a fair rate of speed and approaching the fringe of wood.

Suddenly the underbrush immediately ahead teemed with antlered heads, and the next moment the solitary scout found himself in the midst of a herd of duiker-bok, not fleeing from him, but rushing upon him, running madly out into the open marsh. As many as 200 of the animals dashed by him as he was passing through the thin fringe of trees.

In his astonishment at this unexpected stampede, Hill did not, for the moment, reflect that the cause of it must be near at hand; but the cause disclosed itself promptly. Not 40 yards away stood a number of large lions that had evidently been stalking the duiker-bok. He had hardly taken in this startling sight, when he heard a tremendous roar a little way to the left, and saw another lion even bigger than the others that had just killed a buck, and was standing over its prey.

There was no time to unstrap his carbine, no time for anything. The instinct which prompts the locomotive driver, when he sees a head-on collision coming, to shut off and jump, led Hill to give one convulsive shove at the steering lever and leap clear of the vehicle. His idea was to get into the trees, but he did climb a tree, but he had already passed most of the trees. The nearest was a large old trunk that had fallen partly over and lay at an angle of 45 degrees or less, its top lodged in another smaller tree, which had arrested its fall, and acted as a prop to hold it up. He made a dash for this inclined tree, and ran up 35 or 20 feet to where a large branch rose vertically. Twisting his body nimbly around this branch, Hill glanced back to see what the lions were doing.

Luckily for him, they were being entertained by the motor-carriage. The machine was still going, and seemed likely to occupy their attention as a new and very dubious sort of game. The movements of the little automobile were somewhat laughable. The hard wheel to which Hill had given the steering handle caused the machine to describe a vagrant circuit out on the veld beyond the trees. There were thorn-bushes, thin, dry grass and numbers of stones in the open; but the Little Ajax was accustomed to such obstructions, and waddled its way merrily over them, describing a circle and coming round again, as if looking for its master and loath to leave him behind.

The lions were clearly mystified, alike from what they saw, heard and smelled. They backed off as it came round in the rear of the machine, eying it with doubt and distaste. When it turned they doubled to the rear of it again; and the big lion with the buck, when he saw it coming in his direction, seized his prey in his mouth, and with an angry growl bounded off out of the track of the queer monstrosity. Then he stood up and roared again.

Two of the other lions were not fully grown. Apparently they did not quite dare to spring upon the lifelike yet malodorous creature, but kept following it, charging close up behind it at one moment, then falling back.

The other larger lions or lionesses squatted at a distance in the grass and watched it.

Stones and bushes were constantly deflecting the direction of the motor-carriage; and before long it ran into another larger bush, or clump of bushes, that brought it to a standstill, although it continued puffing and pushing at the obstruction.

For some time the lions watched it, but grew listless or indifferent to the performance, and went out toward the black-maned lion with the buck.

He was not disposed to divide with them, and greeted their approach with menacing growls. All four then squatted down to watch him with snarls and envious looks, and Hill now made the mistake of thinking that he might get down and possess himself of his carbine—as he would have to go no more than 150 feet, and the lions were now three times that distance away.

He fancied that the gyrations of the automobile had caused them to forget him; it, indeed, they had ever really noticed his existence.

But descending the inclined tree-trunk slowly proved a more difficult feat than running up rapidly; when part way down he slipped and slid to the ground, making some noise. Regaining his feet as nimbly as possible, he glanced hastily toward the lions—only to see to his dismay that one of the two young ones had heard or seen him and was bounding toward him; also that the other three had started up and were about to follow.

Nothing remained for it but to make a dash back up the slanting tree-trunk. When about half-way up he nearly lost his foothold, and barely saved himself from tumbling back.

The lion was close upon him. With an ugly growl it attempted to ascend the tree-trunk, and thrust up a paw with two extended nails; but it lost its footing and fell into the dry grass below. A moment later it dashed up the trunk again, but was not agile enough to pass the obstructing upright branch, behind which Hill was sheltering himself.

The lion clung, however, growling and snarling with one paw clasped around the branch. Hill could have treated farther into the top of the tree, but he feared the lion might work its body around the branch and effect a lodgment in the top itself. He drew a strong pocketknife, and cutting a smaller limb for a club, struck the lion so stiff a blow with it that the animal, uttering a roar, fell to the ground.

Infuriated by the blow, the beast instantly charged up a third time; but Hill had now secured a good hold with his left hand, and dealt such blows with his club on the brute's head and paws that again it leaped to the ground, roaring and snarling from baffled rage. The others joined the strangers to make an attack; and amidst a horrible chorus of roars and growls, first one, then another, and soon two or three at a time came charging up the tree-trunk. Only one, however, could approach the difficult point or passage around the upright branch; and whenever a paw was thrust above the branch, Hill hammered it with the club so vigorously as nearly to crush it.

Two of the lions were already bleeding at the nose, and all four appeared to have had enough of the effort to scale the tree-trunk; but they had become wrought up to such a state of fury that Hill had little hope that they would leave the place that night.

A fresh expedient presently suggested itself, however; Hill had matches in his pocket, and gathering wads of dry bark or moss from the tree-trunk, he ignited them and then dropped them into the dry grass under the tree. Soon a ring of fire and smoke began to spread. The four lions finally made off through the fringe of trees, and soon Hill saw the one that had killed the duiker-bok bounding away with the carcass in its mouth.

Although far from certain that the lions would not return and attack him, Hill was forced to descend and run to the automobile before the fire reached it, lest there might be an explosion of his fuel tank and cartridges.

The Little Ajax was still puffing away at the obstructing bush, all ready to go when released. Hill's first thought was his carbine; but the fire was close upon the machine, and after a single glance about him through the smoke, he backed out of the bush and went on at speed. The lions did not pursue him.—Youth's Companion.

Her Charm for the Boys.

"Just see! They act like grown-up men," whispered the woman on the excursion boat, calling her friend's attention to three small boys who were admiringly eying a dainty young woman wearing a waist of such flimsy open work that arms, neck and shoulders were all on view.

But the woman did not understand boy nature. From where she was sitting the woman who thought she was shocked couldn't see what the boys saw. It was the picture of a cavalryman, with drawn sword, on the live-heat kind of a horse, beautifully tattooed on the dainty young woman's arm.—N. Y. Sun.

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TRICKS OF ALL TRADES.

Shirtwaists Wouldn't Sell Nice and Fresh So They Were Sprinkled.

The woman who is always stumbling on things had an experience the other day which she declares wounded her in the deepest part of her nature and shook her faith in an ancient institution, says the New York Commercial Advertiser. She was detained on the top floor of a big out-of-town store until the crowding of the elevators with the employes made her prefer to find her way out by the stairways. One of the floors of the building seemed, she says, to be devoted solely to the storing of goods, and as she passed by the open door of one of the rooms on this floor her attention was attracted by hearing a man's voice exclaim in tones of satisfaction: "There, they wouldn't take 'em at first and fresh. Let's see if they'll take 'em this way." Through the open door the astonished shopper saw a member of the firm industriously sprinkling a pile of clean shirt waists with a watering pot. An attendant briskly supplied fresh waists as the pile diminished, and preparations for a "great fire sale" were evidently under way. The lady involuntary discoverer of the shrewd plan to gratify the bargain hunter found herself unable to keep away from the "fire sale," and there, sure enough, were the crumpled half-dollar waists of the week before selling at 49 cents, and plenty of takers.

SPLICES GREAT SNAKES.

Remarkable Accomplishment of a Yale Professor in This Line.

Prof. Dickson, of Yale, camping on Indian Creek, Col., has demonstrated the possibility of welding two snakes together so that the bodies would unite and continue to grow as one, says the New York World.

While it was admitted that human parts could be made to grow together, it was contended that the sluggish circulation of the reptiles would militate against success.

A rattler was extended with an iron hoop circling his head. An adder was obtained and cut in two. The rattler was treated in the same way. The rear half of the adder was then sewed to the front of the rattler with a strong thread, and after 24 hours the iron collar was removed and the composite reptile was placed in a cage. There he squirmed around with every evidence of vitality in his nether end.

The absence of the customary rattle was noticed by the attendant when a rubbish was shoved into the den. His supply of virus, however, was not diminished by his curtailment, for when he struck the rattler it began to revel around as he would be dead. The metamorphosed rattler will be kept under scientific scrutiny for the next two months.

THE BROWN PELICAN.

Like His White Brother the Bird Is Likely to Be Exterminated in Florida.

Bird Lore has a beautifully illustrated article on Pelican Island, in the Indian river, and the editor invokes the aid of the Jacksonville Women's Club in the effort to save this harmless and picturesque bird from the extermination that has already overtaken his white brother of our coast. It is pointed out that the brown pelican of Florida has now only one rookery, which is so convenient to the reckless gunners that slaughter during the helpless period of incubation is doing its appointed work.

The legislature would gladly add another good law to our statute book, but it is the swailed to save the egret, the paroquet, or the pink curlew? Until the people themselves sternly repress such cruelty it will continue in defiance of law, and it is better not to tempt defiance and encourage the spirit of lawlessness. The Floridian instinctively revolts against any appearance of inhospitality. Too many are interested in seeking every pastime for those who care nothing for our future. We fear the pelican must go the way of the flamingo.

Nature is Kind in Norway.

Although coal is scarce, and forests cease to grow many miles southward, the people of the frigid zones of Norway have an inexhaustible supply of peat, which is more easily worked into shape for fuel than either coal or wood and makes a hotter fire than either, writes W. E. Curtis, in Chicago Record-Herald. Peat bogs are found everywhere in arctic Norway, on the desolate table lands, on the rocky sides of the mountains, in the bottoms of the valleys, in the inhabited districts inland, along the shores of the fjords and upon the islands of the Lofodia. The peat bogs of northern Norway, so far as surveyed, cover an area of 4,630 square miles, or nearly four per cent. of the surface of the entire country.

Japanese Legend of the Peach.

Almost all fruits and flowers have their legend. One about the peach comes from Japan and tells how a poor, pious old couple were searching for food by the roadside. The woman found a peach, which she would not eat of, though, starving, till she could share it with her husband. He cut it exactly in half, when an infant leaped forth. It was one of the gods who had, he said, accidentally fallen out of the peach orchard of heaven while playing. He told them to plant the stone of the peach, and it brought them happiness, friends and wealth.

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The Minister's Rescue

By Ethel M. Colson.

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"THE Little Minister" everybody on board the Lucretia called him inevitably; he was so very little and so obviously a minister. And everybody, before the Lucretia was three days out from Liverpool, was gossiping about the little minister's devotion to one of the women passengers—the woman with the yellow hair and pale face who might too golden, everybody would have gossiped still more had everybody heard and understood the whispered words which passed between the curiously and wonderfully assorted pair on the evening when the little minister set everybody agog by escorting the yellow-haired woman down to the very door of her state-room.

"Courage! Courage! Do not despair!" was the half-comprehended ejaculation with which he bade her adieu.

And everybody, again, would have been nearly frantic with excitement had the manner in which the two became acquainted been publicly known.

The yellow-haired woman was leaning over the rail of the promenade deck, well forward, upon the second day of the voyage, when the little minister, who had been watching her covertly from his unobserved seat behind a music room porthole, strolled easily to her side.

"I wouldn't if I were you," he said, softly. "It really wouldn't be worth while. Pluck up heart and take courage. Your present sorrow will be over in a lifetime, anyway; you'll be sorry for all eternity if you jump overboard, poor child."

"Why do you speak to me like this?" cried the woman, turning wide, desperate eyes on his kindly face.

"Because I, too, have been very close to despair," he made gentle answer, "and, perhaps, with far less reason than you have. I have known despair for my own sins rather than the sins of others. You have sinned, also doubtless, but you have been sinned against as well."

For a moment the woman looked as though she would kill him. Then, suddenly, she laid her weary head down on the rail, and he could feel, rather than see, that she was sobbing. Presently she stepped a little nearer, and, affecting to be deeply interested in the tossing water, spoke to her again, in a very low tone.

"Don't jump here—and now," he exhorted, tenderly. "Others are watching us; you don't want to attract attention. Bear up a little longer; you have been silent so long. I am sure. Let them think you are ill—it is only natural. Steward!" to the blue-jacketed functionary of the lower deck, "some hot beef-tea for this lady, immediately."

"Let me give you my arm to the upper deck," he suggested, when, the beef-tea having been absorbed in a sheltered corner, the task of screening her from the inquisitive glances of casual deck-strollers became a little difficult. And there on the upper deck—which was altogether too exposed and too windy to be anything but deserted—the yellow-haired woman related her story. She was moved thereto partly by the knowledge of his cloth and his fatherly manner, partly because she looked through the clergyman, and saw that he was a man and a gentleman as well; more than all, perhaps, because she had reached the point where she could no longer contain the guilt-burdened secret from which a woman's listener might have shrunk with repellant disgust.

It was a pitiful story, more pitiful, even, than the telling of it revealed. A sensitive, fatherless, motherless, girl, who had never known a real home or affection. Tossed and buffeted from one unwilling, unloving relative to another, there, she had floated them all, at last, to fall in love with a man many years her senior, and who had never borne a good name. She had gone through the preliminary misery-period of the lost in order to be true to him, in his absence. When, a year after he had bidden her good-by until "I can come back and marry you," he had sent her money and directions to cross the ocean and become his wife in Liverpool, she had sacrificed her all, deeming it no sacrifice, but a joyous privilege, to cheer him. Two years of it—flattened with the fire of a new passion, he had offered her a goodly sum of money to sign an agreement protecting him from any future demands or embarrassments, and leaving him free to marry the woman of his later choice as he had promised—untruthfully—to marry her.

Stung to the quick of her sensitive nature, which had lately known love for the first time, all but maddened, desperate, she had left him—but without taking the money. Now, another year later, she was using the proceeds of 23 months of hard work and semi-dissipation to go back to America. The slow passing of the long 14-days' voyage, desirable for financial reasons, had left her time for the bitter thinking and forecasting so long deferred. The Giant Despair had her fast in his iron, relentless clutches when the little minister had interfered. He had heard her through in silence—the sympathetic, comprehensive silence so rich in balm and cheer. He, too, had been lonely; he was returning now from the journey undertaken by his last living relative a long good-by. His was a nature, also, that could never know real love, offered much benefaction to the raised God and man, as now happened,

caught him great sympathy and skill in dealing with other—and greater—sinners it was not, perhaps, without its uses. The yellow-haired woman realized the supposed and actual character of the fancy intuitively; but the knowledge that he believed himself a sore sinner was so indefinably comforting as his wise silence.

Day after day the little minister was there, strengthened and encouraged her, heroically regardless of the meaning glances cast toward them by women whose hair was not yellow, and by men who considered facetious speeches concerning flirtations, seas and the latitude of the cloth; day after day he indexed her to postpone further compact with the Giant Despair at least until she had made effort a little longer. And all went well until the afternoon when he was powerless to fight the recurring battle with her weakness of the determined gossips—lonship and questionings of the sensible maiden lady who wanted his views upon the Athanasian creed question—and also to talk about the yellow-haired woman. The little minister, whose gentlemanly instinct never allowed him to discuss one woman with another, found anxiety dispossessing his patient and polite boredom as he noticed that the yellow-haired woman was leaning through instead of over the rail. But before he could carry out his swiftly formed resolution to go to her immediately there was the flash of a falling figure, a sudden commotion—and he realized that the long-dreaded circumstance had come to pass.

He was in the water almost as soon as she was. Three other men made themselves ready, but were a trifle slower, for various reasons. Before they reached the rail the little minister had caught hold of the yellow-haired woman—who struggled and fought him wildly.

"Don't save me," she gasped, moaningly. "I can't help struggling, but I don't want to be saved. Please, please let me drown!"

For all answer he slipped a hand under the little, round, delicate chin which told such a clear story of the weakness which loves and finds it hard to resist temptation, pushed her at arms'-length from him, and swam as strongly as he might until a rope came to him over the stern of the ship. First she was drawn on board safely, then he followed and was hurried downstairs for hot water and rubbing. Almost before the two combined brought warmth and vitality back to the limbs which were so insignificantly weak and unfitted to contain the mighty spirit which upheld them a message came to his stateroom. The yellow-haired woman hoped he had not been injured in coming for her, sorrowful words and like to see him to say "Thank you," whenever he should feel inclined to leave his berth. She herself had been commanded by the surgeon to remain motionless for several hours.

When the aisles and staterooms had been emptied by the dinner-gong the little minister traversed the former and stood at the side of the yellow-haired woman—pathetically weak and young-looking in her physical weakness and suffering. A moment at the sight of him she broke into sobbing, regardless of the now sympathetic stewardess, who considerately slipped from the room.

"What did you save me?" she asked him, still weeping. "You knew I wanted to die. I want to die now, as God hears me, although I have learned this evening just how it would be to go on living—if one only had a chance to start over."

And then it was that the soul of the man and the gentleman stood up in the arms of the preacher, and the divine instinct which had healed so many sins and sorrows failed not the little minister, even though the remedy required was unusual.

"I, too, learned something while down in the water," he said, with the hesitating precision of one who recites a lesson but hastily learned. "I learned that my life will never be quite perfect, never quite what it should be, unless you consent to become part of it, my—my dear. Will you?"—his manner was preferential as though she had been the most conventional of conventional "good women."—"honor me by promising to become my wife?"

The tone and the wonder which flashed out in her face transformed and transfigured it; but the glory died out a moment later.

"You are only saying this for charity's sake," she said, "to give me another chance," she told him.

"No," answered the little minister, with quiet tenderness and gentle determination, "you are quite, quite mistaken, my—my dear. I am saying it because I love you."

And the good God, hearing these words of nobility and resurrection, looked upon them with favor—and made them true.

One Admiring Constituent.

That no man is a hero to his valet is a truism that has come down through a long line of French cynics; but Lord Ripon, ex-viceroy of India, had occasion to demonstrate that he, at least, was appreciated by a faithful retainer. Soon after his return from Calcutta, and when the criticisms of his administration were particularly fierce, Lord Ripon was met by a member of the liberal party, who said to him, enthusiastically: "I congratulate you on your courage and public spirit in pursuing so large-minded and liberal a policy in the east." Lord Ripon spilled as he replied: "It is good of you to say such kind things of me; but to tell you the truth, I don't believe there was anyone in India who really approved of my policy except my old Scotch gardener."—Youth's Companion.

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Deceased.
Pursuant to the order of JOSEPH W. ELLIS, Surrogate of the County of Essex, this day made, on the application of the undersigned Executrix of said deceased, notice is hereby given to the creditors of said deceased to exhibit to the subscriber under oath or affirmation their claims and demands against the estate of said deceased within nine months from this date, or they will be forever barred from prosecuting or recovering the same against the subscriber.
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